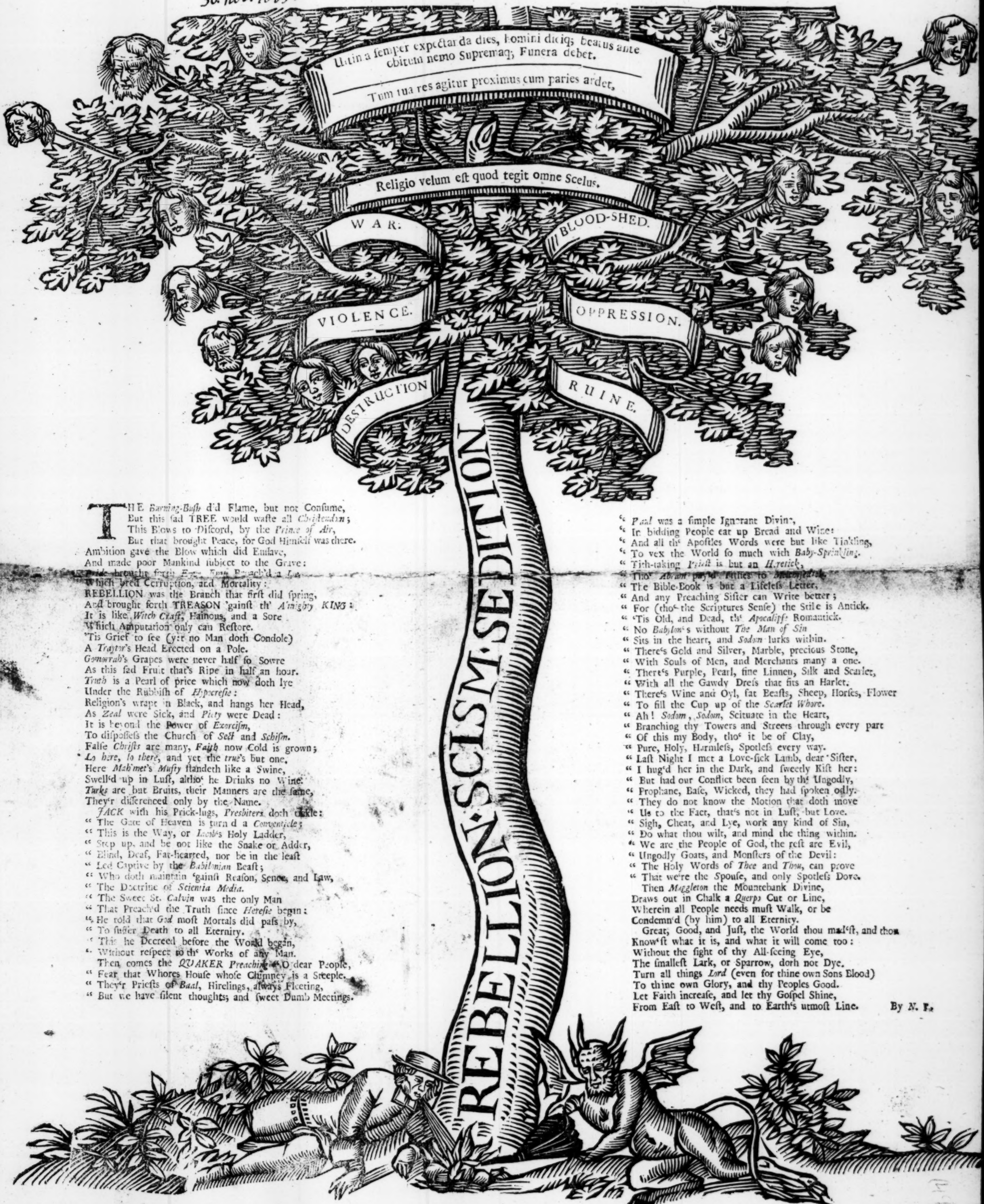


A View of the WORLD ; Being A Poem of the Times.

Containing, The Root of Rebellion, the Tree of Sedition, the Leaves of Contention, and the Fruit of Treason.
 Advising every Good Christian to Obey Governours and Superiors, and not to Kick at every Occasion; nor to make a Scisma and Rent in the Church at every Scruple, Criticism, and Mistake, but to Live in Peace and Unity; lest (being found Impostors before GOD, and Rebels to their KING) their Heads be mounted on a Pole, as the Fruit of their Treachery and Rebellion.
 30. Nov. 1685.



THE Burning-Bush did Flame, but not Consume,
 But this sad TREE would waste all Chastendun;
 This Blows to Discord, by the Prince of Air,
 But that brought Peace, for God Himself was there.
 Ambition gave the Blow which did Enslave,
 And made poor Mankind subject to the Grave:
 Which bred Corruption, and Mortality:
 REBELLION was the Branch that first did spring,
 And brought forth TREASON 'gainst th' Almighty KING:
 It is like, Witch Craft, Envenoms, and a Sore
 Which Amputation only can Restore.
 'Tis Grief to see (ye no Man doth Condole)
 A Traitor's Head Erected on a Pole.
 Gomorrah's Grapes were never half so Sowre
 As this sad Fruit that's Ripe in half an hour.
 Truth is a Pearl of price which now doth lye
 Under the Rubbish of Hypocryse:
 Religion's wrapt in Black, and hangs her Head,
 As Zeal were Sick, and Piety were Dead:
 It is beyond the Power of Exorcism,
 To dispossess the Church of Self and Schism.
 False Christs are many, Faith now Cold is grown;
 Lo here, lo there, and yet the true's but one.
 Here Mahomet's Musfy standeth like a Swine,
 Swell'd up in Lust, altho' he Drinks no Wine.
 Turks are but Brutes, their Manners are the same,
 They'r differenced only by the Name.
 JACK with his Prick-lugs, Presbiters doth cackle:
 "The Gate of Heaven is turn'd a Conventicle;
 "This is the Way, or Jacob's Holy Ladder,
 "Step up, and be not like the Snake or Adder,
 "Blind, Deaf, Far-heard, nor be in the least
 "Led Captive by the Babylonian Beast;
 "Who doth maintain 'gainst Reason, Sense, and Law,
 "The Doctrine of Scientia Media.
 "The Sweet St. Calvin was the only Man
 "That Preach'd the Truth since Heresie began:
 "He told that God most Mortals did pass by,
 "To suffer Death to all Eternity.
 "This he Decreed before the World began,
 "Without respect to th' Works of any Man.
 Then comes the QUAKER Preaching, O dear People,
 "Fear that Whores House whose Chimney is a Steeple.
 "They'r Priests of Bawl, Hirclings, always Fleeting,
 "But we have silent thoughts; and sweet Dumb Meetings.

"Paul was a simple Ignorant Divin',
 "In bidding People eat up Bread and Wine:
 "And all th' Apostles Words were but like Tinkling,
 "To vex the World so much with Baby-Sprinkling.
 "Tith-taking Paule is but an H-retick,
 "Tho' Abram paid Tithes to Melchizedick.
 "The Bible-Book is but a Lifeless Letter,
 "And any Preaching Sister can Write better;
 "For (tho' the Scriptures Sense) the Stile is Antick,
 "'Tis Old, and Dead, th' Apocalf: Romantick.
 "No Babylon's without The Man of Sin
 "Sits in the heart, and Sodom lurks within.
 "There's Gold and Silver, Marble, precious Stone,
 "With Souls of Men, and Merchants many a one.
 "There's Purple, Pearl, fine Linnen, Silk and Scarlet,
 "With all the Gaudy Dreis that fits an Harlet.
 "There's Wine and Oyl, fat Beasts, Sheep, Horfes, Flower
 "To fill the Cup up of the Scarlet Whore.
 "Ah! Sodom, Sodom, Scituate in the Heart,
 "Branching thy Towers and Streets through every part
 "Of this my Body, tho' it be of Clay,
 "Pure, Holy, Harmless, Spotless every way.
 "Last Night I met a Love-sick Lamb, dear Sister,
 "I hug'd her in the Dark, and sweetly Kist her:
 "But had our Conflict been seen by th' Ungodly,
 "Prophane, Base, Wicked, they had spoken odly.
 "They do not know the Motion that doth move
 "Us to the Fact, that's not in Lust, but Love.
 "Sigh, Cheat, and Lye, work any kind of Sin,
 "Do what thou wilt, and mind the thing within.
 "We are the People of God, the rest are Evil,
 "Ungodly Goats, and Monsters of the Devil:
 "The Holy Words of Thee and Thou, can prove
 "That we're the Spouse, and only Spotless Dove.
 Then Muggleton the Mountebank Divine,
 Draws out in Chalk a Querp Cut or Line,
 Wherein all People needs must Walk, or be
 Condemn'd (by him) to all Eternity.
 Great, Good, and Just, the World thou mad'st, and thou
 Know'st what it is, and what it will come too:
 Without the sight of thy All-seeing Eye,
 The smallest Lark, or Sparrow, doth not Dye.
 Turn all things Lord (even for thine own Sons Blood)
 To thine own Glory, and thy Peoples Good.
 Let Faith increase, and let thy Gospel Shine,
 From East to West, and to Earth's utmost Line.

By N. F.